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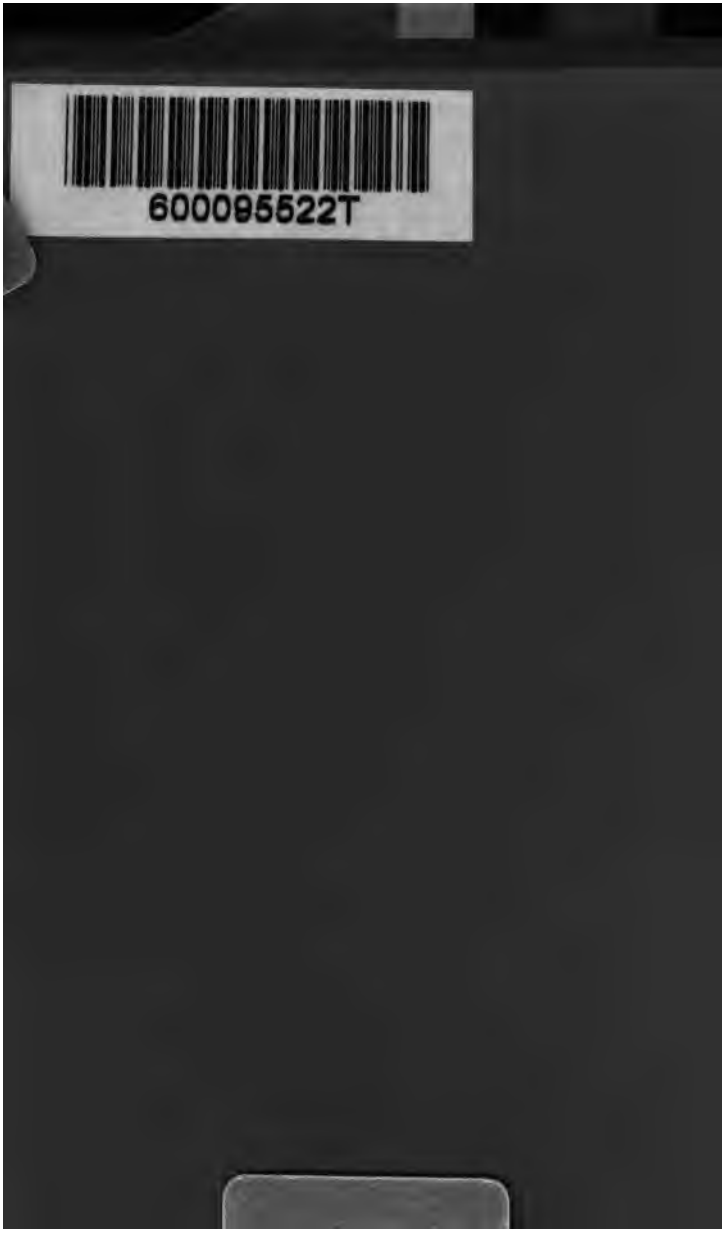
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MY VIS-À-VIS;

OR, HARRY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP,

AND OTHER POEMS.

MY VIS-À-VIS;

OR, HARRY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC LIFE IN PALESTINE."

BODLEIAN

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TO

MY FRIENDLY NEIGHBOUR,

GEORGE EUGENE MAGNUS, ESQ.

OF OAK BROOK,

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE

VOLUME.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems, or rather recitatives in rhyme, have been written during intervals of rest from work of a more serious nature.

Some of them have already appeared in magazines.

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MY VIS-À-VIS.

MY VIS-À-VIS.

PART I.

HARRY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

Harry loquitur.

I WAS going down to Dover
By the afternoon express,
When I first saw Kitty Lucas,
In her pretty sea-side dress.
As she stepp'd into the carriage,
On that summer afternoon,
Some one whisper'd—"Good-bye, Kitty,
I'll come down to see you soon."

'Twas her father, and he linger'd
In the crowd, to see her start;
She look'd up with eyes that glisten'd
With the fulness of her heart.
For an hour and forty minutes
I was Kitty's *vis-à-vis*,
And I did my best to please her,
But she would not speak to me.

When I spoke, she seem'd to shun me,
And pretended that she read,
Though I felt quite sure she listen'd
To each syllable I said.
Sometimes she look'd out of window,
Sometimes she would make a screen,
Though as if without intention,
Of a monthly magazine.

She was not exactly pretty,
But she look'd so kind and good,

There was not a single feature
I'd have alter'd, if I could.
With new joy my heart was bounding;
Till that moment of my life,
I had never seen the woman
I could think of as my wife.

Strange it was how little Kitty
Crept into my heart that day,
Strange it was, how well I loved her
Ere an hour had pass'd away!
Strange the hopes and fears she waken'd
While she look'd so sweetly shy,
Strange how sad I felt on seeing
How the milestones flitted by!

Every moment little Kitty
Grew more precious to my heart,
Every moment we drew nearer
To the spot where we must part!

Soon we saw the heights of Dover,
Soon we saw the silver sea,
And, too soon, a stately lady
Came to claim my *vis-à-vis.*

How I trembled with emotion
When she rose to leave the train,
And I whisper'd—" Good-bye, Kitty,
God grant we may meet again!"
Then a look of timid wonder
Stole across her wistful face,
For a moment, then she gently
Bow'd with sweet unconscious grace.

Thus we parted. All in silence
Little Kitty went her way,
And I felt as if the sunshine
Of my life had pass'd away.
How I thought of little Kitty
When that night I cross'd the sea,

How I hoped that she was thinking,
At that very time, of me!

Often did prophetic fancy
With sweet visions fill my brain,
Till I sometimes felt quite certain
That we soon should meet again.
I a thousand times decided
Every word that I would say;
And a thousand times imagined
How she'd blush and turn away.

Time pass'd on, I came to London,
All in haste, to see the bride,
Loveliest of Denmark's daughters,
Through the crowded city glide.
'Twas a glorious day for England,
'Twas a joyous day for me,
For, by happy chance, my Kitty
Was once more my *vis-à-vis*.

She was seated on a platform
Very near to Temple Bar,
And with hope and fear I trembled
While I watch'd her from afar.
Watch'd her, till at last she saw me,
And look'd up with glad surprise,
Then abash'd, and blushing deeply,
Downward bent her violet eyes.

I could see she half repented
Giving me a look so sweet,
In that sudden recognition;
How it made my pulses beat!
How she tried to look unconscious
Of my fond and earnest gaze;
And her long-lash'd eyelids quiver'd
O'er the eyes she would not raise.

With her friends she gaily chatted,
Looking glad as glad could be,

Yet I hoped that she was thinking,
At that very time, of me.
Why I dared that hope to cherish,
I must own, I scarcely knew;
But I know my heart was beating
With a love both strong and true.

After long and patient waiting
The beloved Bride appear'd,
With the young and princely Bridegroom,
To all English hearts endear'd.
When they halted just before us,
Kitty gave one glance at me,
Full of loyalty and feeling,
Full of loving sympathy.

All was over. Little Kitty
From her seat was led away,
And I struggled to the entrance,
Hoping she would pass that way.

How I long'd for leave to tell her
All my heart would have me say,
How I fear'd that like a vision
She once more would pass away!

After long impatient waiting
Kitty came, but would not see,
Though I knew she felt my presence,
For she turn'd her face from me.
It was agony to see her
Pass away without a word,
And my heart grew sick and trembling,
Sick and faint with hope deferr'd.

For a moment I was spell-bound,
Or like one transform'd to stone,
But I roused myself, to follow
Where my heart and thoughts had flown.
Suddenly a voice said— "Harry!
Who'd have thought of seeing you?

Come and dine with us, old fellow,
If you've nothing else to do.

" George will be so glad to see you
At his house in Sussex Square,
We have quite a merry party,
All the girls are staying there.
You will hardly know my sisters,
You've not seen them such a while;
Isn't Alexandra lovely?
Doesn't she know how to smile?

" I was at the railway station,
And I had a splendid view,
But my sisters and my cousins
Were in Fleet Street—where were you?"
Thus my old friend Charley chatted,
As we slowly made our way,
Through the streets so gaily crowded,
On that memorable day.

We were rather late for dinner,
But they soon made room for me,
And I saw that little Kitty
Was once more my *vis-à-vis!*
To the friendly greetings round me
I could scarcely make replies,
For I felt too much bewilder'd,
And could hardly trust my eyes.

Kitty's face look'd grave with wonder,
And her sweet eyes seem'd to say—
"Do not let my cousins fancy
We have met before to-day."
So I tried to pay attention
To the lady by my side,
Talking of the royal marriage,
And the young and lovely bride.

I was glad when we were summon'd
To the drawing-room, for tea,

But among the fair young faces
Kitty's face I could not see.
Charley found her in a corner,
And he caught her by a curl,
Saying—" This is Kitty Lucas,
Uncle George's youngest girl.

" Kitty, why have you been hiding?
This is Captain Harry Blair,
He was my best friend at Eton,
All the while that I was there."
Kitty said with easy freedom,
As she gave her hand to me—
" Any friend of cousin Charley
I am very glad to see."

(She pretended not to fathom
All my love and my delight,
Though I'm sure she knew I wanted
To propose that very night.)

Then she ask'd a dozen questions
All about the " sweet Princess"—
" Do you think her very pretty?
Did you like her style of dress?

" Did you see her queenly forehead,
And her sweet and friendly smile?
Did you notice Albert Edward,
How he watch'd her all the while?
I have heard she calls him ' Bertie,'
And I really think it 's true,
For no doubt they love each other,
Just as other people do."

Thus she chatted. On our spirits
What a sudden change had come,
Now, with seeming ease and freedom,
She could speak, while I was dumb.
Restless joy and hope had driven
All my measured words away,

And I sat in troubled silence:
From my side she stole away.

Stole away to join the dancers,
And I watch'd, till jealous pain,
Strong and sharp, revived my courage,
And I sought her out again.
Then I ask'd if she remember'd
When and where we first had met,
And her ready "I remember"
In my ears is ringing yet.

"I remember, 'twas last summer,
And you wore an Albert chain,
Like the one I gave to Charley,
Just before he went to Spain.
In your hand you held a volume
Written by a friend of mine,
And you did not seem to like it,
For you scarcely read a line."

Thus with playful ease she chatted,
Just to keep me still at bay,
And half charm'd, half vex'd, I listen'd,
Till at last I dared to say—
" Did you hear the prayer I utter'd
That we two might meet again?
Kitty, now the prayer is answer'd,
Tell me, is it all in vain?

" Kitty! do not speak so gaily,
Do not look so much at ease!"
Then she answer'd, archly smiling—
" You are very heard to please."
But her voice began to falter,
She grew timid, I grew bold,
And that night, before we parted,
I my tale of love had told.

Of the happy days that follow'd,
Scarce a word I dare to say;

Kitty whisper'd that she loved me,
Ere a month had pass'd away:
With love-light her eyes were beaming,
With new joy my heart was stirr'd,
And her hand in mine was trembling
When she spoke the whisper'd word.

Kitty's love was worth the winning,
Kitty's all the world to me,
Kitty says—through life's long journey
She will be my *vis-à-vis*.
We are happy! we are hopeful!
We are waiting for the Spring,
Then the old church bells of Dover
With a merry peal shall ring.

PART II.

KITTY'S ACCOUNT OF HER COURTSHIP.

SCENE I.

The drawingroom at Oak Brook. An evening party. Kitty and her old schoolfellow, Minnie Winter, on a sofa in the back ground—Kitty whispers:—

I'M going to be married
Before the end of May,
It's a secret for the present,
Don't mention it I pray.
I'll tell you all about it,
And what Miss Magnus said,
If you'll come into my room to-night,
Before you go to bed.

Scene II.

The spare bedroom, Oak Brook. Kitty in a reverie, alone by the fire. Minnie taps at the door and enters, Kitty exclaims:—

That's right, come in my darling,
It really is a treat
To find myself alone with you,
Here take this cosy seat.
Do you remember, darling,
I promised long ago,
That if I ever fell in love,
I'd be sure to let you know?

So I'll tell you all about it,
(Be very quiet dear,
For Mr. Magnus sleeps in there,
And I don't want him to hear.)

You know I went to Dover
Soon after I left school,
To live with Aunt Eliza,
While Pa was at Stamboul.

As Pa was very busy
About the Turkish loan,
I had to make the journey down
To Dover quite alone.
Pa saw me safely in the train,
But when he said—" Good bye,"
And waved his hand, I felt so strange,
I was half inclined to cry.

For some time I was lost in thought,
And really did not see
That a very handsome looking man
Sat opposite to me.
Without exactly looking up
I could very plainly tell

That though he held an open book,
He was reading me as well.

I tried so not to colour up,
But it really was no use;
I felt so vex'd, I knew he'd think,
"What a silly little goose!"
I took out Fraser's Magazine,
But I could not read a line,
For all the while I felt his eyes
Fix'd earnestly on mine.

I saw he wish'd to speak to me,
I hoped he would refrain,
For I'd promised Pa that I wouldn't talk
To the people in the train.
I never felt so strange before,
I was really quite subdued;
I dared not meet his large dark eyes,
Yet I'm sure he was not rude.

A very nice old lady
Was sitting next to me,
And she commenced a lively chat
With my handsome *vis-à-vis.*
I envied her the privilege,
I wish'd that I were old,
That I might speak to whom I would,
Without appearing bold.

They talk'd of Greece and Palestine,
Of Italy and Spain,
Till now and then I quite forgot
That we were in the train.
He told some touching stories,
And I could not fail to see,
That when he spoke most tenderly,
He always look'd at me.

He saw I listen'd with delight,
But that I did not mind;

I hardly dared to thank him though,
When he drew down the blind.
My eyes were dazzled by the sun,
'Twas a splendid afternoon;
I never shall forget that day,
That twenty-third of June!

We were very near to Dover then,
Perhaps I was to blame,
But I felt a little sorry—
And—I wish'd I knew his name.
Just then he moved a writing-case,
And I could plainly see
The name—"H. Blair," and on his ring
The monogram—"H. B."

The train had stopp'd, I saw my Aunt
Looking about for me,
Then I gave a little look of thanks
To my handsome *vis-à-vis*.

I think he knew I rose to go
With something like regret;
I think he knew he had said some words,
That I should not soon forget!

He whisper'd—when he took my hand,
To help me from the train—
" Good-bye, God bless you, Kitty!
May we soon meet again!"*
I cannot tell you what I felt,
When my own name I heard;
I think I bow'd, he says I did,
But I did not speak a word.

Aunt met me at that moment,
Her carriage was close by,

* It will be observed that this expression varies from that which Harry says he used on that occasion. Kitty's version is more likely to be the right one. It seems quite impossible for two people to tell a story so that it shall agree in every particular.

But to her words of welcome
I scarcely could reply.
I paid her no attention,
It really was a shame,
But I was wondering how he knew
That Kitty was my name.

At last I recollected,
When Pa put me in the train,
He whisper'd—" Good-bye, Kitty,
We soon shall meet again."*
That's how it all began dear,
Now wasn't it quite fair?
He knew my name was Kitty,
And I knew his was Blair.

But do not go and fancy
This is quite the proper way,

* In this instance Harry's quotation of the " Good-bye " words is probably the correct one.

For *vis-à-vis* like mine, you know,
Are not found every day.
I had never travell'd quite alone
Till that day by the train,
And somebody says he'll take good care
That I never do again.

I found it rather dull with Aunt,
Though really I must say
She tried to make me happy,
But she didn't know the way.
She used to buy me puzzles,
And, although so often told,
She never seem'd to know that I
Was seventeen years old.

She fidgeted about me,
And thought that I was ill,
Because I didn't skip, and jump,
And play the baby still.

Papa came down to see us,
But only just to say
" Good-bye" to Aunt Eliza,
Before he went away.

I often used to wish that Pa
Might meet with Mr. Blair,
In some romantic sort of way;
How strange my fancies were!
Sometimes I thought I saw him,
And I often felt afraid
That I should meet him when I walk'd
With Aunt on the Parade.

I thought about him all the day,
I dreamt of him at night,
And every word I'd heard him say
I took the pains to write.
I wrote some little love-songs too,
And it did me good I think,

To bring my foolish fancies down
To paper, pen, and ink.

I sent one to the "Dover Times,"
And sign'd it "Katherine;"
I heard Aunt read it to a friend,
She little thought 'twas mine!
I almost wonder I could dare
To let the lines appear,
I'll read them to you if you like,
I have a copy here.

KITTY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE POET'S CORNER OF THE "DOVER TIMES,"

Sept. 23, 1862.

IT is not love, but it must be
Some witching and mysterious spell,
That leads my wandering thoughts to thee,
It is not love, I know full well!

There is a whisper in the air,
A murmuring whisper of his name,
That seems to echo everywhere,
By day and night it is the same.

Whence comes the voice? I almost fear
It is an echo of my heart,
For no one else appears to hear
The name that makes me blush and start.

Last night the whisper seem'd to say,
"All's well, he loves you, do not fear!"
And then the whisper died away
With loving murmurs in my ear.

It is not love, yet I confess
A new and strange but pleasant pain
Has touch'd my heart, I cannot guess
What this may mean, I've tried in vain.

It is not love, and yet I own
I dream of him by night and day;
I like to wander all alone,
And these are signs of love, they say.

I almost wish I could forget
His parting words; I try in vain.
I wish that we had never met,
If we are not to meet again.
(Signed) KATHERINE.

I felt a little gratified,
And flatter'd, I confess,
At seeing this in print, and yet
I fear'd that Aunt would guess.
Aunt took me to a *séance*,
One evening, for a change,
With a friend of Mrs. Peterson;
It was so very strange.

The lady medium look'd at me,
And said—" You have great power!"
Then we all sat round her table
For nearly half an hour.
We sat in solemn silence,
Till we heard a sudden knock,
Then the lady ask'd some questions,
And the table seem'd to rock.

I thought it was all nonsense,
Till some one said to me,
" We'll ask you what you are thinking of,
And whom you'd like to see."
I felt a little nervous,
And I trembled, I declare,
When the table rapp'd out presently
The name of—" Harry Blair!"

" What does this mean? Who's Harry Blair?"
My Aunt Eliza said.

"I do not know," I answer'd,
But my face grew very red.
"Hush!" said the lady medium,
While she seem'd to read me through,
"Be frank or silent, for you know
That name, I'm sure you do!"

My Aunt was quite indignant,
And said—"Pray say no more;
'Tis folly, neither Kate nor I
Have heard that name before!"
I thought it best to let that pass,
Though perhaps it was not fair,
Still it was true, I did not know
That his name was *Harry* Blair.

I took my Aunt Eliza's hand,
And whisper'd—"Say, good-night;
I don't like spirit-rapping, Aunt,
And I don't think it is right."

I fear'd that Aunt would question me,
But she never said a word;
Perhaps she thought the whole affair
Was really too absurd.

I wish I'd had the courage
To speak freely, and confess,
But I was nervous and afraid
Of getting in a mess.
I don't believe in spirits, yet,
What could she know about
My secret thoughts of Harry Blair?
I cannot make it out.

But Harry says he's certain
That there was some one there,
Who'd heard me say, or seen me write,
The name of Harry Blair;
For I'd concluded, long before,
That *Harry* was his name.

He says I'm very silly,
But he loves me all the same!

Soon after this I came to town,
To stay in Sussex Square,
At cousin George's, 'twas such fun,
His sisters all were there.
And Charley too, he was so kind,
He often took us out;
You can't think how he has improved,
He's grown so tall and stout.

I was so happy with them all,
They were so kind to me,
But still you must not fancy I
Forgot my *vis-à-vis.*
'Twas in the spring of sixty-three,
And people far and wide
Were talking of the coming
Of the Prince of Wales's bride.

" Do take us, George," his sisters said,
" Do take us, there's a dear,
To the city, or to London Bridge,
Or else to Gravesend Pier."
That dear old fellow George replied,
" All right, girls, you shall go;"
So he took us to St. Dunstan's Church,
Near Temple Bar, you know.

I watch'd in silent wonder
The heaving crowd below;
I look'd up at the houses,
Oh, they were crowded so!
At a window nearly opposite,
Upon the second floor,
I saw, with tremulous delight,
A face I'd seen before.

Yes! you are right, 'twas Harry Blair,
Harry, my *vis-à-vis*,

And when I met his eyes just then,
He was looking straight at me.
His eyes grew brighter as I look'd,
His face was in a glow;
Oh! how I long'd to hear his voice!
'Twas very wrong, I know.

I turn'd my troubled eyes away,
For, with sharp and sudden pain,
I remember'd we were strangers,
And I would not look again.
When Alexandra came in sight,
I just look'd up to see
His face once more, for then I thought
He would not notice me.

He saw me though directly,
So I quickly turn'd away,
And George, just at that moment, said,
"Now, girls, pass out this way."

We moved on slowly with the crowd,
And, as we left the place,
I pass'd by close to Harry Blair,
But I turn'd away my face.

George led us to the carriages,
The place was like a fair,
It took at least three hours, I think,
To drive to Sussex Square.
We'd almost finish'd dinner, when
(Its true, I do declare)
Charley arrived, and introduced
A friend,—'twas Harry Blair!

I thought I'd lost my senses, dear,
And I could plainly see
That Harry was as much confused
When he caught sight of me.
I really felt quite frighten'd
At seeing him again;

I hoped he would not speak about
Our meeting in the train.

I was so glad when somebody
Arose, and gave the sign,
For us to leave the gentlemen
To their politics and wine.
I knew that presently he'd come,
I wonder'd what he'd say,
I felt so strange, I almost wish'd
That he would go away.

When Charley brought him into tea
I kept quite out of sight,
Pretending to be busy
Putting Bessie's music right.
But Charley found me presently,
And slyly pull'd my hair,
And introduced me playfully
To Captain Harry Blair.

Once introduced I felt at ease,
And it was so absurd,
I rattled on, while Harry Blair
Could scarcely say a word.
He look'd a little nervous,
While I felt quite at ease;
I can't think why I tried so hard
My *vis-à-vis* to teaze!

Before he'd spoken (and indeed
He'd scarcely had a chance),
I went into another room
With Charley for a dance.
After the dance he came to me,
And whisper'd in my ear,
"Miss Lucas, may I speak to you?"
I was so frighten'd, dear.

He said, "Have you forgotten
That journey by the train?

O Kitty, is it well for me
That we have met again?"
I tried to answer gaily,
But my voice grew faint and weak,
My heart was beating dreadfully,
And I could hardly speak.

He told me that he loved me,
I felt that it was true;
And I was half afraid he'd guess
How much I loved him too.
I knew he loved me, and I knew
That I loved him as well,
And every word he said that night
I could, but will not tell.

When he had gone, I went upstairs
And had a hearty cry;
It did me good, I cannot well
Explain the reason why.

I was intensely happy,
  I never felt so glad,
And yet, if you had seen me,
  You'd have thought me very sad.

How is it that our deepest joy
  Finds such relief in tears?
Why is it that our brightest hopes
  Are troubled by our fears?
While lost in thoughts like these, I heard
  A tapping at my door,
A voice said, "Kitty, darling!
  May I come in once more?"

'Twas little Bessie Lucas,
  I wish'd her anywhere.
She said, "I want to talk to you
  About that Captain Blair."
When she had kiss'd and hugg'd me,
  She sat upon the floor,

And said, " I don't want George to know,
But I've seen him, dear, before.

" He didn't seem to know me when
To-night he met me here;
But isn't he a darling?
Oh! isn't he a dear?
Perhaps he thought it better not
To notice me to-night;
But hasn't he got lovely eyes?
And teeth almost as bright?"

While Bessy was in raptures,
You may fancy how I felt;
I look'd down, and pretended
To undo my brooch and belt.
Don't fancy I was jealous,
But I was wondering where
That silly little Bessie
Could have met with Captain Blair.

She talk'd about his whiskers,
In her foolish giddy way,
And then said, " He sat opposite
To where we sat to-day.
He stared at me so all the time,
I knew not what to do ;
And when I look'd up, now and then,
He always look'd at you.

" I hope that he will come again,
I do adore him so !
Do find out what he thinks of me,
I should so like to know !
Of course, I saw 'twas Charley's fault,
That he made such a fuss
With you, and hardly said a word
To any one of us.

" 'Twas rather rude; but, Kitty dear,
Now tell me, don't you think

I look better in a bonnet,
Especially in pink?
Do tell me, there's a darling,
What I had better wear,
Next time he comes; I think I'll have
Some roses in my hair."

By this time I was reassured,
And said, " I fancy, dear,
You'd better have your bonnet on,
The next time he comes here."
But 'ere a month had pass'd away,
Poor little Bessie came,
And said, " Oh Kate, you've cheated me,
It really is a shame!

" They've told me all about it,
I very nearly cried,
But let me be a bridesmaid,
If I cannot be the bride?"

We were not properly engaged,
But it was really true,
I had told him that I loved him,
And George and Charley knew.

They wrote to Pa and Aunt at once,
And seem'd intensely pleased;
But as it was so sudden,
I got a little teazed.
Aunt's quite in love with Harry,
But she will not hear a word
About his marrying me; she says,
"It's perfectly absurd!"

Harry has gone to see Papa,
He's at the Porte, you know,
And Pa has given his consent,
He does like Harry so.
Until it all was settled,
I would not wear this ring

That Harry gave me—isn't it
A pretty little thing?

They're diamonds and rubies,
And then inside, you see
A date, in tiny letters,
And the words, "*My Vis-à-Vis.*"
But pray be very careful
Not to mention it again,
For only you and Charley know
That I met him in the train.

After Thought.

You cannot argue without words,
Logicians all declare;*
I am glad he knew my name was Kate,
And that I knew his was Blair.

* See page 12 of the Introduction to Archbishop Whately's "Elements of Logic."

For love and logic, Harry says,
Are in this respect the same,
You'd soon forget your lover
If you didn't know his name!

PART III.

Aunt Eliza's Opinions.

Aunt Eliza receives the following letter from her nephew, Mr. George Lucas, jun.

Sussex Square, London,
April 10, 1863.

EAR Aunt, I hardly know the way
To write the news I have to tell;
But in the first place, I must say
That all the girls are pretty well.

A certain Captain Harry Blair
Has constantly been here of late,
And, long before I was aware,
He fell in love with little Kate.

So they're engaged, now do not scold
And say they've been too much in haste;
It's no use waiting till one's old,
I'm sure they both have shown good taste.

For Kitty's good, as you'll admit,
And she grows prettier every day;
And Blair has sense, and worth, and wit,
And suits her well in every way.

He's tall and dark, she's short and fair,
She's just eighteen, he's twenty-three;
I think they'll make a happy pair,
They look as if they would agree.

I hope they will not wait until—
Like you and I—they both are grey;
" There is a time to marry," still
That time, you know, soon slips away.

I trust you'll deem it all quite right,
As for myself I am content;
Blair wrote by the express last night,
To beg for her Papa's consent.

And Kitty wishes me to say,
She's better for the change of air,
And thinks that she would like to stay
Another month in Sussex Square.

Aunt Eliza exclaims:—

Another month in Sussex Square!
Do they imagine that I'm blind?
What nonsense about change of air,
She'll change her name if I don't mind.

And George encourages her too,
Its just like him, upon my word!
In all my life, I never knew
A man so perfectly absurd.

He really makes me feel quite wild,
I wonder what he'll tell me next?
He certainly will spoil that child;
I don't know when I was so vex'd!

And then, how can he dare to say
To me that I am growing old?
Suppose my curls are rather grey,
I need not be so rudely told!

For me, he thinks, the time's gone by,
And that I've lost my latest chance;
He'll tell a different tale if I
Should settle in the south of France.

The English Chaplain, Mr. Bland,
Of Hyères, about a month ago,
Made me the offer of his hand,
And I feel half inclined to go.

Then George perhaps would write to me
More cautiously another time;
He calls me "old," but William B.
Declares I'm only in my prime.

I haven't quite made up my mind,
But certainly I might do worse
Than marry him,—still I might find
He's thinking only of my purse.

It strikes me this may be the case
With little Kitty's cavalier!
There's less attraction in her face
Than in her thousand pounds a-year.

But she's engaged! What shall I do?
How angry her Papa will be!
I hope it isn't really true;
She must come back at once to me.

Of course she clings to Sussex Square,
But I'm determined she sha'n't stay
To learn to flirt with Captain Blair,
Or any one who's in the way.

George might have said a little more
About this Captain Harry Blair;
I'm sure I've heard that name before,
And yet I can't remember where.

George says that he has worth and sense,
But what he's worth he does not say;
Perhaps he hasn't many pence
To reckon up, beyond his pay.

I'll soon know all about it, though;
For by to-morrow's early train
To London I intend to go,
To fetch Miss Kitty back again.

A Letter from Miss Eliza Lucas, commonly called "Aunt Eliza," to her next door neighbour, Miss Jane Jones, of the Terrace, Dover.

Sussex Square,
April 20, 1863.

Dear Jane, your words come always true,
You told me, when I came away
On Wednesday morning, that you knew
That I should be induced to stay.

And you were right, for George and Kate
Soon talk'd me into staying here
A little while;—at any rate,
I sha'n't be home this month, it's clear.

I may remain a month or two
If all goes well; so I'm afraid
That I shall have to trouble you
To send me up my new brocade.

You'll find it in the cedar chest
Behind my door; and will you see
That it is carefully address'd,
And sent by luggage-train to me?

Hester my other things can pack,
She'll understand what I require;
And if she's good, when I come back
I'll make her wages one pound higher.

And Marg'rets too, but tell them, please,
They must deserve the extra pay;
My Persian cat they must not teaze,
Or she'll be sure to run away.

Look in upon them now and then,
Or when you've nothing else to do;
For Marg'ret's got a new young man,
And Hester, I'm afraid, has two.

The girls are all alike, my dear,
There is no trusting them alone;
As for my little niece, it's clear
She thinks herself a woman grown.

I hardly knew my little Kate,
She used to be so very mild,
I thought her almost too sedate,
She very rarely even smiled;

But now it's quite another thing,
The merest trifle makes her laugh,
And all day long she'll dance and sing,
And really talks too much by half.

I wonder what the men can see
In little Kate to take them so!
She is as giddy as can be,
And what she's fit for I don't know.

Of course I was, as you will guess,
Soon introduced to Captain Blair;
He's very handsome, I confess,
With quite a military air.

I find he is of gentle birth;
Sir Hunter Blair of Glen-y-dere
Was his great uncle, and he's worth
At least three thousand pounds a-year.

He look'd so like poor Thomas Hearn,*
Who drown'd himself in Dingle Bay;
It really gave me quite a turn,
I was not like myself all day.

* Probably an early lover of "Aunt Eliza."

And this reminds me, I've said "No"
To Mr. Bland; it would not do,
For I am forty-five, you know,
And he is only thirty-two.

And as for Kate and Captain Blair,
Their union would be quite absurd;
He's very well, but I declare
She's like a little mocking-bird.

The sacred duties of a wife
She doesn't know, as he might see;
I don't believe that, for her life,
Kitty could make a cup of tea!

And as for housekeeping, my dear,
She couldn't cater for a cat;
I told him last time he was here,
He said, he'd reckon'd upon that.

It 's no use warning him, I see,
His heart is set on having Kate;
He says it is his destiny;
I've done my best at any rate.

How rash they are! they never met
Until about six weeks ago!
But Kitty seem'd in quite a pet
When Bessy Lucas told me so.

I cannot quite make Kitty out;
She's full of nonsense now-a-days,
Just now she gave a saucy pout
When I rebuked her childish ways.

" Well, Aunt, I'll tell you what I'll do;
I've got a new idea," she said,
" I'll give up Captain Blair to you,
If he will marry you instead.

"I'll wait," she said, "and take my chance."
And added, in an undertone,
Something about the south of France,
Which makes me fear my secret's known.

I cannot fancy how or where
She could have heard; at any rate,
It's very certain Captain Blair
Will have his match in little Kate.

Letter from little Kitty Lucas to Miss Jessie Morgan, at the Hôtel des Etrangers at Hyères.

Sussex Square,
May 1, 1863.

DEAR Jessie, I received your note,
And was so very much amused
About the Reverend William Bland;
I'm sorry that he was refused.

Aunt's staying here in Sussex Square,
She was in such a dreadful fright
When first she heard I was engaged,
She says she couldn't sleep all night.

She started off to fetch me back
To Dover, on the following day;
But George and all the rest of us
Persuaded her to let me stay.

Or rather they persuaded her
To stay herself in Sussex Square,
That she might have a proper chance,
They said, of knowing Captain Blair.

She likes him very much indeed,
And thinks he's far too good for me;
And tries to make him think so too,
But, luckily, they don't agree.

'Twas very droll, but till last week
Poor Aunt Eliza used to be
Continually warning him
And lecturing or scolding me.

" It's my opinion, Captain Blair,"
Or else, " It's my opinion, Kate!"
She would begin, and then go on
Speaking her mind, at such a rate!

But half in fun the other day
I dropp'd a hint of what I'd heard
About the Chaplain, and since then
My Aunt has never said a word.

I mean she has not said a word
By way of warning or advice;
And when she doesn't worry one,
She really can be very nice.

I almost fear that she is right
In one respect; for I declare
I do not think I'm good enough
To be the wife of Harry Blair!

Married on the 1st of May, 1865, at St. Mary's, Dover, by the Rev. William Blackly, cousin of the bride, Captain Harry Blair, only son of Archibald Hunter Blair of Glen-y-dere, Ayrshire, to Katherine, youngest daughter of George Lucas, of the Turkish Embassy.

For a full account of the wedding, see the Dover Times, May 2, 1865.

CONFESSIONS OF ST. VALENTINE.

HOW did Saint Valentine come to inherit
The annual tribute we pay to his name?
What did his Saintship e'er do that could merit
Such canonization and worship and fame?

Gods of old Greece, in the height of their glory,
And heroes of Rome, crown'd with laurels and bays,
Brighten the pages of classical story,
And yet we've forgotten their festival days.

Why was this clerical cupid elected
As Patron and Saint of the nest of the Dove?
Why is Saint Valentine's name so connected
With courtship and pictured epistles of love?

Why are the old Lupercalian mysteries—
Once held in honour of Juno and Pan—
Claim'd for this Bishop? And why are Church histories
Almost a blank as regards the good man?

Vainly I've coax'd antiquarian sages,
And plied them with questions, and tired them out,
They show me his life, in a few scanty pages,
Not touching the subject I'm puzzled about.

Often through chronicles blacken'd and musty
I've waded to seek for this Bishop and Saint,
Vainly I search'd, I got dreadfully dusty,
Dishearten'd, and tired, and sleepy, and faint.

All of a sudden it struck me, "How pleasant
A parley with Valentine's spirit would be!"
When the ghost of the Martyr proclaim'd himself present,
By spelling his name as distinct as could be!

(This is the orthodox mode of announcing
The visits of well-behaved ghosts of to-day;
Ghosts have left off their sepulchral pronouncing,
And thrown all their sheets and their torches
away).

Some sense or feeling convey'd the impression
That Valentine wish'd me to fully transcribe,
Without note or comment, his ghostly confession,
But how this idea came I cannot describe.

Over my paper, unconsciously moving,
My hand traced these lines with precision and
ease,
In pretty good English, sufficiently proving
That spirits can write any language they please.

Let your hand obey its impulse,
I will be its only guide,

And my disembodied spirit
O'er the paper shall preside;
And the story I will tell you,
Word for word and line for line,
All the earthly life and sorrow
Of the martyr'd Valentine.

Long ago (as mortals reckon),
Long ago in Rome I dwelt,
Lived and moved and had my being,
Felt as all on earth have felt;
I remember that sweet spring-time
When there came a little maid,
Seeking shelter of my mother,
Seeking love and friendly aid.

And my mother look'd upon her,
Look'd with pity on the child,
Kiss'd her pallid cheek and forehead,
Through her falling tears she smiled,

Saying, " You shall be my daughter,
Darling, I will love you well!"
Saying, " Valentine, embrace her,
She has come with us to dwell."

Then I stoop'd and softly kiss'd her,
Just above her half-closed eyes,
Saying, " Will you be my sister?"
" Yes!" she said, with glad surprise.
She was Lino's only daughter,
Lino, bravest of the brave,
Who upon the field of battle
Fought for glory! Found a grave!

Lino, stern yet tender hearted,
Leader of a noble band,
Fighting under Claudius Cæsar,
Died, to save his native land.
Many a Goth fell down before him,
Ere his hero-life was done,

But the tidings kill'd the mother
Of his child, his darling one.

So Paulina came among us,
Growing dearer day by day,
And her fair sweet face seem'd fairer
When her tears were chased away.
Tall and stately grew the maiden,
But I call'd her " sister" still,
Though, whenever I drew near her,
All my being seem'd to thrill.

Then I trembled in her presence,
And I shunn'd her more and more,
Though a thousand times more deeply
Did I love her than before.
Yes! I loved the maiden truly,
And my inmost heart was stirr'd
When sometimes she call'd me to her,
Or perchance her voice I heard.

Often did I plan to tell her
All my love, and how it grew,
Daily, out of pain the sweetest
And the strangest that I knew;
But my lips refused to utter.
Summer, winter, pass'd away,
Almond-trees were full of blossom,
All the world was light and gay;

Then there came a stranger, saying,
"I was on the battle field,
When the noble Lino perish'd,
I it was who bore his shield.
I was Lino's armour-bearer,
Ere my beard began to grow,
And with him I cross'd the mountains
Where the icy torrents flow.

Then he turn'd to where Paulina
Stood, as one entranced, and sigh'd,

Saying, " Lady, I will tell you
How your father lived and died ! "
And Paulina loved to listen
To the tales he loved to tell,
Of the fights beyond the border,
Where her father fought so well.

Then I wander'd in the woodlands,
All alone, to seek for rest,
For my home was home no longer,
While the stranger was our guest.
Birds among the leafy branches
Built their mossy homes above ;
All alone I listen'd sadly
To their joyous songs of love !

Musing dreamily I listen'd,
Till their singing seem'd to say,
" *Seek your sweet one, lest you lose her*
Ere the spring-time pass away ! "

Up I rose to seek Paulina,
  Letting love my footsteps guide,
Through the wood and through the marshes,
  Till I reach'd the river side.

But my troubled heart forewarn'd me
  That Paulina I should see
With the brave young armour-bearer,
  Pledged to him, and lost to me!
Yes! I heard the song of warning
  All too late! I saw them stand
On the bridge, her eyes down drooping,
  While he clasp'd her willing hand.

Marcus saw, and came to meet me,
  And Paulina softly said,
" Brother, I must have your blessing,
  Put your hand upon my head;
Bless and love me, O my brother,
  Still my guide and guardian be."

Marcus said, " My Christian brother,
Let your love extend to me."

Then with all my heart I bless'd them,
And submitted to my fate,
Praying God to give me courage
To be silent, brave, and great.
Soon my soul grew calm and stronger,
And the marriage-rites were seal'd,
And I saw how Lino's daughter
Loved the youth who bore his shield.

Marcus, true and gallant-hearted,
Was a Christian, he had heard,
From the lips of sweet Paulina,
Echoes of the Gospel word.
Time pass'd on, and " Persecution
Of the Christians ! " was the cry;
Day by day the martyr'd heroes
Left the world without a sigh.

Then it was that I was bishop,
And, though Cæsar's arm was strong,
Yet I shelter'd many a victim
Of his tyranny and wrong;
And I suffer'd death for helping
Marcus and his wife to fly,
But to save my sweet Paulina
I was well content to die.

And I died with joy and gladness—
Mocking all the earthly pain
That a Cæsar's wrath inflicted—
Singing, "I shall rise again!"
Then my spirit wander'd freely,
Mounting up from sphere to sphere,
Visiting the well-known places
To my earthly life so dear.

Often in the early spring-time
Timid lovers I inspire;

Till they tell the oft-told story
Bravely, and with words of fire.
Still the birds among the branches
Build their nests, and seem to say,
" Seek your sweet one, lest you lose her,
Ere the spring-time pass away."
Signed,
" VALENTINE, Bishop and Martyr.'

Thus did St. Valentine finish his writing,
My hand was transfix'd when he came to a stop,
And his spirit no longer my fingers exciting,
My silver-cased Mordan was ready to drop.

Readers, believe me, I had no conception
What Valentine wish'd to inscribe on this page;
And if you believe that there's any deception,
To clear up your scruples I'll gladly engage.

The above singular revelation will be found to agree entirely with the little that is known of the life of St. Valentine, and the history of his time. It is recorded that he was martyred in Rome, on the 14th of February, A.D. 270, in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, for assisting in the escape of some condemned Christians. He was beaten severely with clubs, and then his head was cut off. His relics are said to have been mysteriously preserved and afterwards enshrined in the church of St. Praxedes. One of the gates of Rome was called, in honour of him, the Porta Valentini; it is that which is now known as the Porta del Popolo.

THE MOSLEM LOVER.

One evening during my residence at Haîfa, Mohammed Bek, a young Moslem of good family, sent a messenger to me, begging that he might be allowed to come into my presence and take council of me. I said to the messenger, "Tell your lord that he is welcome."

My expected guest had, for two or three years, been a frequent visitor at the British Vice-Consulate. The first time I saw him, he explained to me that in early boyhood he had been betrothed to Helwé, the infant daughter of the Cadi of Akka; but he had never beheld his little *fiancée*, and, in accordance with Moslem custom, he could not possibly do so until his marriage day.

Mohammed told me that he had heard from the relatives of Helwé, that she had grown tall and handsome and was exceedingly good and clever, but, he added, "they would tell me this even if her eyes were squinting, her nose crooked, and her mouth awry." Under these circumstances he was exceedingly anxious to hear the opinion of a disinterested person, so he entreated me to pay a visit to Helwé, and to "make her face upon paper" for him, that he might see her as in a glass. He also begged me to observe whether she walked gracefully, and spoke gently, or otherwise; and especially to notice if her eyes were bright, and her eyelashes perfect.

I soon found an opportunity of fulfilling the wish of my young Moslem friend, and I had the pleasure of being able conscientiously to assure him that his *fiancée*, Helwé, was one of the prettiest girls I had seen in Syria. My sketch of her cheerful, attractive face delighted him. He appeared to be quite in love with it. He often likened himself to a favourite hero of the early Arabian poets, who actually died of love for a fair princess whom he had never seen.

I knew that Mohammed Bek's marriage day was happily now very near at hand, and I was wondering whether his proposed visit had reference to it, when he entered, with two attendants.

He held in his hands a large parcel, fastened up rather clumsily in an embroidered velvet kerchief, such as the Syrians use to envelope a change of garments when they go to the public baths.

We took our seats on the divan, and the Bek carefully placed the bundle between us. After a momentary hesitation he opened it, and showed me some beautiful oriental head-dresses, girdles, necklets and rings, saying, "We of the east send presents to our brides a week before the marriage day; tell me, O my sister, are these trifles worthy to be offered to Helwé?"

I could faithfully answer, "They are worthy of the giver, and of the destined receiver, O Bek."

The necklets were formed of pendants of filagree and pearls. The rings were heavy, the gems were rudely cut and more rudely set. One of the head-dresses was composed of little gold coins, such as Marsden would have coveted, and the girdles were specimens of Suleiman's best embroidery and most artistic designs. Mohammed was perfectly satisfied with

my admiration and appreciation of his treasures. After a little consideration, he decided on sending them to Helwé on the morrow at sunrise. While he was repacking the jewellery in the velvet kerchief*—in a way that would have made Harry Emmanuel shudder—he lamented passionately that he was not permitted to see his future wife immediately.

He seemed to be jealous of the jewels which would so soon be handled by her, and of the girdles which would encircle her waist. He concluded by declaring that he wished he were a "Franji" (that is, a Frank or European) that he might see Helwé without delay.

His words suggested the following song.

THE MOSLEM LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

DIAMOND, ruby, and emerald rings,
For the fingers I long to clasp in mine;
Of milk-white pearls, seven delicate strings,
Around her wrists and her arms to twine.

* Cases and caskets are rarely to be met with in Syria. All sorts of things are carried in kerchiefs.

Coins of gold, and a moon of pearls,
To crown her head and its glossy curls;
Golden coins for her braids of hair,
When shall I see them all shining there?
Six times the tardy sun must rise,
Before the dawn of our marriage day;
Six times the moon must light the skies,
Ere Helwé's veil be cast away!

Veils and wimples of broidery fine,
Girdles of silk and mirrors of gold;
When shall her bright eyes be mirror'd in mine?
When shall my story of love be told?
When shall my trembling arms embrace
The form that this girdle to-night may grace?
Would we were "Franjis," that I might see
Helwé the sweet one, who's waiting for me!

Six times the tardy sun must rise,
Before the dawn of our marriage day;
Six times the moon must light the skies,
Ere Helwé's veil be cast away!

Published in "The Welcome,"
March, 1863.

"IS IT MINNIE?"

WHOSE is that form so full of grace,
That ivory brow and classic face?
In that bright eye I think I trace
A glance of Minnie's!

Those lovely lips, so richly dyed,
Now curved with laughter, now with pride,
And pearly teeth they scarcely hide,
Are they not Minnie's?

What lovely voice is that I hear,
That seems my spirit now to cheer,
And minds me of a bygone year?
It must be Minnie's!

That dark brown hair and violet eye,
As bright as an Italian sky,
Would make a Benedictine sigh!
Are they not Minnie's?

REMEMBRANCE.

I WOULD not willingly forget
The days gone by; I often let
My fancy bring before my view
The happy child who trusted you;
When, though your years were twice my own,
I loved you for yourself alone.
I did not even seek to know
How it could be, I loved you so!

I knew not why my heart was stirr'd
So deeply, when your voice I heard;
I knew not why the life-blood flew
Into my face, on meeting you;

Or why my joy I fain would hide,
If I but found you by my side;
But now that all is past I know
It was because I loved you so!

SONG.

NCE I thought that he would guide me
Through the world till death should sever,
But I feel, whate'er betide me,
That he now can love me never;
Yet his words of love are ringing
Ever in my listening ears,
And my memory still is clinging
To the joys of other years.
But never shall I hear again
The voice that stole my heart to break it,
I learnt to love, alas! in vain,
He roused that love but to forsake it.

He whispers to another now,
Soft words of love in witching tone,

A fair girl listens to the vow
  Once sacred to my ear alone.
Her eyes are bright as stars above,
  Her face is fair to see,
But oh! she prizes not the love
  That would be heaven to me!
And never shall I hear again
  The voice that stole my heart to break it,
I learnt to love, alas! in vain,
  He roused that love but to forsake it.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

THE firs and the laurels their branches entwine,
The glistening leaves of the green holly shine,
Its numberless berries, so brilliantly red,
Are seen all around us, while high overhead
The delicate mistletoe trembles; but now
Its spell is forgotten, the mistletoe bough
No longer can call the quick flush to the face,
Its province no more is "the dangerous place."
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Yet where is the change? Its green leaves are as bright,
Its form is as graceful, its berries as white,

As when it was treasured in temples of old
By our Druid forefathers, as I have been told.
No longer the timid or boisterous kiss
Is claim'd for its sake at such seasons as this;
I find that young ladies are oftener now
Kiss'd "under the rose," than the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

For kisses are sweeter, and love is more true
When tinted and warm'd by the soft rosy hue
Of the sweet rose-tree that in fancy grows,
And 'tis fair summer weather still under that rose.
These mystical roses throughout all the year
Their delicate buds and sweet blossoms uprear,
And I'm told that young ladies would rather be now
Kiss'd under the rose, than the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

ESTHER SUMMERSON'S SORROW.

" O too late to know it now, too late, too late."
See Bleak House, chap. 64 *page* 610 *of the original edition.*

OU love me? love me? do not tell me so,
Recal the word utter'd, alas, too late!
For now it only tortures me to know
How near to happiness has been my fate.

I cannot lose the echo of that word—
That word of love—nor lose the dark impression
Left on my soul; would I had never heard
The gentle whisper of your heart's confession!

It brought me happiness, too sweet to last,
Sorrow and joy were mingled in a breath;
Now I can only live upon the past,
My future life will be a living death.

Death to the present! Life to all that's gone!
The momentary bliss, the treasured sorrow,
No fresh grief shall I feel, never shall dawn
For me a new delight or glad to-morrow.

Does not the drowning sailor suffer more
Real anguish in his death when he can see,
While battling with the waves, the well-known shor
Where he has wander'd in his infancy?

When the poor pilgrim in the desert waste,
Burning with thirst, discovers with dismay
That on a mirage all his hopes were placed,
Doth he not faint and falter by the way?

So when I think of joy that might have been
My portion here, and of the world of love
That I have lost, I feel an anguish keen
Beyond all hope, all tears and words above.

TOO LATE.

I DID not know, till it was all too late,
The wealth of love that I had spurn'd away,
The deep and passionate love, now turn'd to hate
By words I dare not, cannot now unsay.

That my crush'd heart could burn with love again,
I was, alas! too late, too late in learning,
And now I feel, when it is all in vain,
My heart to him is ever fondly turning.

I never dreamt that I could love him so
Until I felt him lost to me for ever,
Till I had said the word that he must go,
Nor seek my love, for I could love him never.

O cruel pride! that even then could keep
My heart so calm; I would have given all
The world, my very life, my all! to weep,
And, weeping, those few fatal words recal.

Now I must wrap me round in robes of pride,
That he my hopeless love may never know;
Though from myself, alas! I cannot hide
My deep remorse, my love, my secret woe!

Pride can, and will, my outward mien sustain,
Though inwardly my weary heart be breaking;
I will not breathe aloud his name again,
Though still I think of him, asleep or waking.

The memory of his love, though lost, will be
A blesséd thought, whatever may betide;
My love is still a treasured grief to me,
And I can find a refuge in my pride.

TOBACCO SMOKE.

MAN who is convinced against his will,
Will hold," 'tis said, "his own opinions still."
Were we to write a folio against smoke,
'Twould but be treated as a passing joke
By those who love tobacco, and we doubt
If one cigar for us would be put out!

So we will not attempt a theme to write,
To prove that when a certain valiant knight
Brought from the western world the first Havannahs,
He introduced bad habits and bad manners.
If he could have foreseen it, we've a notion,
He would have wish'd he'd never cross'd the ocean!

Nor will we echo all the sad reflections,
On injured health, lost teeth, and bad complexions,
That may be found elsewhere! 'Twere all in vain,
They'd enter one ear to pass out again
Directly at the other, without making
The least impression; for no undertaking
Could be more utterly and truly hopeless,
Than one against a "Cuba," "Queen," or "Lopez."

Popes and Divines their priestly wrath have hurl'd
Against the weed, whose clouds of smoke still curl'd
In bold defiance of the Bulls of Rome,
And all the curtain lectures read at home;
Though smokers in the last are finely rated,
And by the former excommunicated.

The British Solomon, too, raved and thunder'd
Against Tobacco, till his people wonder'd
That he should write, and so much trouble take
About the matter, and 'twould surely make—

(To use the language of a ghostly friend),
" Each one particular hair to stand on end,"
To read his " Counterblaste," so we'll not quote it!
We wonder if he ever smoked who wrote it!

In Russia, once upon a time, all those
Who would persist in smoking lost their nose!
The Sultan, Amurad the Fourth, made death
The punishment of those who made their breath
To smell of smoke; but this was too despotic,
To kill a man for smoking an exotic.

In Switzerland, in sixteen-sixty-one,
" Smoking forbidden!" was consider'd one
Of the commandments ten, and a defaulter
Barely escaped the axe, or stake, or halter;
It is a wonder that this persecution
Did not produce a smoking Revolution!

But, notwithstanding all these strange decrees,
It seems that people will do as they please,
Regal and priestly wrath alike defying,
To smoke themselves to death they all seem trying.
From Irish women at their stalls presiding,
To jovial sailors o'er the ocean riding;
From Oriental princes, too, from Oude
To the Red Indians in their forests rude—
The latter say it cures all indigestion,
But 'tis a statement that we rather question.

From the grave Moslem on his couch reclining
To the pale poet in his garret pining,
Who, thinking to propitiate the Nine,
Offers Manillas at their sacred shrine;
Or, as we have heard some few poets say,
'Tis better to adopt a pipe of clay.

From German students deep in classic lore,
Who revel in their smoke and days of yore,

And spend their time 'twixt studies strange and
mythical,
Pipes and cigars, and mazes metaphysical,
To dandy Frenchmen on the promenade,
All redolent of millefleurs and pomade,
And our young " exquisites," who smoke cigars,
To the annoyance of their dear mammas!

All these, aye, more! from east to west arise
Fumes of cigars! a monstrous sacrifice,
Not only of Cheroots and real Havannahs,
Nicotia, Natchitoches, and Cabannas,
A sacrifice of that which neither wealth
Nor dignity can offer, Time and Health!

N.B.—Written before the writer's sojourn in Syria, for the M. S. Society.

NOTES ON TOBACCO SMOKING.

IT is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh first introduced into England the practice of smoking, but Camden, in his " Elizabeth," says that Sir Francis Drake and his companions were the first, as far as he knew, who introduced the Indian plant, called Tobacco or Nicotia, into this country,

having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion.

It is singular that Shakespeare makes no allusion, either directly or indirectly, to smoking, although the practice must have become very general in his time.

In the year 1603 James the First published his famous and furious "Counterblaste against Tobacco," in which he declares that smoking "is a custom loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

In addition to this, he issued in the course of his reign, a succession of royal proclamations in denunciation of tobacco, some of which are almost as tempestuous as his book.

For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off, and in some parts of Switzerland it was regarded as a capital offence: the police regulations of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the ten commandments, immediately under the seventh.

In the year 1684, Pope Urban the Eighth published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff in church. This bull was renewed by Pope Innocent, in 1690. Pope Pius the Ninth, however, may often be seen to take a pinch of snuff in the midst of the azure clouds of incense, while he is performing mass. See "The Roman Question," by Edmond About, page 122.

In the year 1719 the Sultan Amurad the Fourth made smoking a capital offence, but the tobacco-loving Turks would not relinquish their pipes. The present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, issued an edict, about two years ago, to forbid the smoking of cigars and cigarettes in the streets of Constantinople, but it was soon ascertained that (as in the case of many other oriental edicts) it was not possible to enforce it.

FOR AN ALBUM.

CANNOT write! I've tried in vain,
The Muses wont assist me;
They all pass'd by in cold disdain,
But one, who stopp'd and hiss'd me!

I've tried, alas! in every style,
The gay and the pathetic,
But ev'ry verse, within a mile,
Would prove a strong emetic.

I've thought of flowers and turtle-doves,
And many a thrilling story,
Of friendship sweet and early loves,
And deeds of martial glory.

But when I took my pen to write,
The birds all flew away,
The flowers faded from my sight,
And glory lost the day!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY-AT-HILL, BILLINGSGATE, LONDON.

ADDRESSED TO THE VESTRY CLERK.

IN the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, sir, last night
I was lock'd, by some careless or mischievous wight,
And, after some fruitless attempts to get out,
In the desolate darkness I wander'd about.

In my terror I fancied I met with a host
Of strange-looking goblins, and one tall white ghost;
I sympathized then with the terrible fright
Of poor " Goody Two Shoes," in similar plight.

The spectres around me look'd fearfully blue,
As I crouch'd myself down in a carpeted pew;
I listen'd for sounds that I dreaded to hear,
Till, quite overcome with excitement and fear,
I heard
A strange sepulchral tone,
Every word
Was like a groan:—

"Spirits, arise! to-night we must not rest
Ne silent be, for in our companie
There is a stranger, an unwilling guest,
And we must watchen all the night pardie."

Second Spirit, in softer tones.

"The paly moon has risen in the sky,
And one by one the trembling stars appear,
And night is clothed in robes of mystery,
Certes no living wight should wander here!"

Third Spirit.

" Those robes of mystery are mine and yours,
And we may revel in their darkest shades,
But mortal man, while mortal life endures,
Must learn to shun our haunts when daylight
fades."

Fourth Spirit.

" Our Holy Church is beautiful to see,
Bedeck'd with flowers and with garlands fair,
And we will guard and keepen them pardie,
That stranger hands ne pluck our treasures
rare.

" St. Mary's lily, and the modest rose,
And giant flowers from the new-found world;
And here and there the vine in splendour grows,
And gracefully its tendrils are ycurl'd.

" And such a joyful company of flowers
Crowd round the pulpit, all for very love
Of the good rector, falling round in showers,
And in wild beauty clustering above!

" Not so when Saint à Becket, long ago,
Held the same office, he whose bones at last
Were worshipp'd by a king, and deck'd, I trow,
In all the priestly splendour of the past.

" Hard by the organ, midst the birds and flowers
And instruments of music, you may spy
A little crab, attracted by the powers,
And charmèd by the sweets of harmonie.

" And here, the oak and ivy you may see,
Poppies and tulips their bright blossoms show,
Star after star of wild anemone,
In groups of beauty lovingly do grow.

" Or rather seem to grow, for, strange to tell,
These wondrous flowers are made of oaken tree,
And deftly carved, aye, marvellously well,
And joyous birds amongen them there be.

" The cunning carver is a worthy wight,
Yclepp'd ' Rogers,' wondrous wise, I ween;
Nature he loves, and art is his delight,
Or such a work as this had never been.

" Natheless his tools he oftentimes will quit
To quote Longinus, or some classic lore,
Study philosophy, or Holy Writ,
Soldier historians and bards of yore."

* * * *

And much more they said, but much more than I heard,
For now I could scarcely distinguish a word;
They spoke altogether, and all in a breath,
And I very nearly was tired to death.

How I fell fast asleep, I don't very well know,
But it plainly appears that I must have done so,
For I woke in the morning, aroused by the light,
And remember'd with wonder the scenes of last night.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

THINK if old Saint Valentine but knew
The way his fête-day's now commemorated,
And if the strange productions met his view,
That fill our picture-shops, at any rate he'd
Be much amused, and no doubt marvel too,
At fame he surely scarce anticipated;
A fame as great as any of the sages
Of Greeee or Rome, or of the Middle Ages.

I wonder what his saintship had to do
With flaming hearts, or with the cooing dove,
With little bows and arrows, and the true
Entangled lover's knot (fit type of love),

With chubby flying cupids, peeping through
The leaves of roses, or through clouds above,
Daintily sketch'd on paper with lace edges,
To be perhaps of timid love the pledges.

The sacred Nine by many a youthful poet
Will be invoked, and many a wasted quire
Of cream-laid note paper will serve to show it,
Cover'd with scraps of wild poetic fire
And bursts of eloquence,—no doubt you know it
By observation or experience dire.
What crooked stanzas will be perpetrated
By bards and rhymsters uninitiated!

They'll scarce improve upon the doggerel verse
That tells of "*roses red and violets blue,*"
And ends by saying, in a style most terse,
That "*the carnation's sweet, and so are you.*"
I have seen modern rhymes that are much worse,
But then I have seen better, it is true,

Exquisite songs and sonnets, bright and pure,
The gems of minstrelsy and literature.

How many hearts are throbbing with emotion,
How many eyes are sparkling with love-light,
As loving words are read! and what commotion
When postmen knock! what ill-conceal'd
delight,
When these mysterious tokens of devotion,
Tinted and scented, meet the dear one's
sight!
But I'm on dangerous ground, and rather
blundering,
So I'll return to where I left off wondering.

Wondering about Saint Valentine's connection
With all this sort of thing so unmonastic,
Suggesting something like a dereliction
From the prescribed high roads ecclesiastic;

'Twould seem his heart was in the wrong
direction,
And for an ancient bishop far too plastic.
He's certainly the cupid of theology,
Rivalling the rosy boy of old mythology.

Perhaps he had a taste for wedding cake,
Or orange blossoms in a white chip bonnet;
Perhaps the marriage-fees he liked to take;
At least he never did, depend upon it,
Treat marriage like Saint Paul, who seem'd to
make
A point of throwing ice-cold water on it.
I wonder if he ever wrote epistles,
Or spent his time illuminating missals?

If he did write at all, it was a lecture
On love, I think, or something of the kind,
And much less calculated to correct your
Follies and foibles, than distract your mind;

But this is only founded on conjecture,
For not a line of his can I yet find,
Though I have search'd through many darksome pages
Of the Church History of the Middle Ages.

And there I read, that in the eternal city,
Now nearly sixteen hundred years ago,
Saint Valentine, the subject of my ditty,
Was doom'd to death by Claudius Cæsar; so
Our saint was martyr'd,—what a dreadful pity!
What it was for I don't exactly know,
(He didn't know perhaps)—indeed, his history
Remains to me a most intricate mystery.

Long live thy memory, great Saint Valentine!
Still lend thy ancient name to lovers' lays,
And with thy spirit animate each line;
And still may poets celebrate thy praise,

And yearly help to make that name of thine
"*Familiar in our mouths,*" as Shakespeare says,
"*As Household Words.*"* This wish is loyal too,
For Valentines increase the revenue.

* Written for and published in "Household Words," 1851.

"'TIS ALL FOR THE BEST."

TO MINNIE W.

WHEN the fates seem to vie with each other to vex me,
And put all my patience and wits to the test,
And everything seems to go wrong and perplex me,
I'll think of your motto, "Tis all for the best!"

If to go to a *soirée* I've made up my mind,
And the cab 's at the door, and we're all ready drest,
Then if something prevents, ten to one I shall find,
In the end, as you say, "'twill turn out for the best!"

If any one fixes an evening to drop in
To tea and to chat, it will set me to rest,
Though he never should come, if my head it should pop in
To think of your motto, " 'tis all for the best."

I AM BELOVED!

I AM beloved!
What happiness *to know it*,
To know a Father's love indeed is mine
And that I love again, how sweet to show it!
And round his heart more firmly to entwine
Than ivy round the oak, and oh! how sweet
To gaze upon his face, and to forestall
His slightest wish, ere yet it be complete,
Before the words from his dear lips can fall!

I am beloved!
What happiness *to see*
That look of love upon my Mother's face,
That tender look for ever turn'd on me;
How well its meaning I have learn'd to trace.

And all my heart is hers, and every thought
That brings to me its meed of joy or pain
Freely I show, and never have I sought
For loving sympathy from her in vain.

I am beloved!
What joy, what bliss *to feel it!*
To feel one manly heart is all my own;
And that I love again, I scarce conceal it,
Though I would fain control each word and tone,
And close these eyes when wilfully they wander,
Until they rest upon the earnest face,
That watches from the well-known window yonder,
Well pleased Love's silent eloquence to trace!

"TO THE PURE, ALL THINGS ARE PURE."

UTHER has said,—I wish that I could tell
If he said truly,—that the fairest rose
Is to the spider but the poison'd well,
Where he may gather venom for his foes;
Yet from that rose the bee may fill her cell
With choicest honey, till it overflows.
'Tis surely so in life, for all around
Delight and danger we together trace.
May joy and loveliness for you abound,
And roses blossom with a tender grace,

That all their sweetness haply may be found,
While you through this world's garden run your race!
In everything may you some glory see,
And ever give and gather like the golden bee!

HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

IN MEMORIAM H. F.

THERE is a garden where the tender flowers
Are water'd with a flood of human tears;
Sweet roses flourish 'neath these sacred showers,
The lily pale her lovely head uprears,
As if they gently sought to bring relief
To mourners wandering in that garden fair,
Where but to think is to be full of grief,
For death, though robed in beauty, very death, is there.

Garden of sorrow, what sad memories
Are foster'd here? How many hearts are rent

With [illegible] and [illegible] as newly [illegible]
The graven stone and sculptured monument!
How many children here in plainings wild
Weep o'er a father's, o'er a mother's grave!
How many parents here bemoan a child,
The darling little one they would have died to save!

I wander'd down a shady path where trees
Stretch out their mighty arms and seem to sigh
And echo all our sorrows, where the breeze,
Moaning and whispering, gently passes by.
Musing I wander'd, till I linger'd where
A vase I saw of pure Etruscan mould,
Fill'd with fresh-gather'd flowers sweet and fair,
That ever timidly their blushing leaves unfold.

I knew it mark'd the spot to me more dear,
More sad than any other, and I found
A melancholy joy in being near
To her who rests beneath that sacred ground.

Oh, from that ground may starlike flowrets spring,
And all around a shade of beauty throw,
That to our hearts sweet memories they may bring
Of her devoted love, while lovingly they grow!

I found her name engraven on the stone,
And his beneath, as if he could not bear
Even in death to see her name alone,
Or that he felt already buried there.
Oh, weep for him! the husband in his grief;
Oh, weep with him! it shall not be in vain,
Deep sympathy alone can bring relief
To the unquiet heart and care-bewilder'd brain.

PSALM XV, VER. 1, 2, 3.

ORD! who shall rise unto thy Holy
Place?
Who in thy sacred Temple shall abide?
Who shall behold the glories of thy face?
Whom to thy Tabernacle wilt thou guide?

He that hath walk'd uprightly, even he
Who worketh righteousness and keeps apart
From sin, and speaketh truly from his heart;
He shall the glory of thy kingdom see.

He to whom love and truthfulness belong,
Whose tongue to utter falsely is not heard,
Who to his brother does no wilful wrong,
And of his neighbour speaks no idle word.

Jerusalem, September, 1855.

THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.—*Psalm*, cxix 105.

THE Lamp that shone for David's wandering feet,
The Light that guided him upon his way,
Will show the dangers we must bravely meet,
Will show the path from which we must not stray.

That Lamp still shines for us, it has the power
To bid the gloom of death or life depart,
Brighten the darkness of the darkest hour,
Lighten the sorrow of the saddest heart.

For lonely pilgrims, lost in doubt and fear,
It is the only Lamp that will not fade,

Shining for us with radiance bright and clear,
Piercing the darkness, making not afraid.

O blessed Word! In all thy glory shine,
Shine in my heart and guide me on my way,
Open my eyes to see thy rays divine,
Like David, I would follow and obey.

Jerusalem, September, 1855. Written after my first midnight walk through the stony and tortuous streets of Mount Zion. A lantern-bearer led the way. He skilfully contrived to keep a stream of light upon my feet and before my path, and thus enabled me to avoid some treacherous holes and stumbling-blocks. This illustration of David's life, and David's words, will not much longer be met with in Jerusalem, for recent letters from that city inform me that the streets are being paved and lighted. January, 1865.

LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF ANCIENT HAIFA, ON THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE BAY OF ACRE, THE DAY AFTER A TERRIBLE SEA-STORM.

"And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."
Mark iv. 39.

BEFORE me is the ever-changing sea,
To-day at peace, all deeply blue and clear,
Though yesterday its waves would roll and rise,
And darkly meet the darkness of the skies,
Stout hearts were throbbing with no idle fear
Upon that mighty sea!

Over the waters of the crystal bay,
Over the peaceful bay, no ripples flow,

No breeze is there the idle sails to fill,
The anchor'd ships are now all deadly still,
While tiny boats pass ever to and fro
Over the crystal bay.

All round the sheltering bay the mountains rise
Higher and higher, till they seem to meet
The pale blue sky above, and evermore
Where palm-trees drop their fruit along the shore,
White lilies stoop to kiss the pilgrims' feet,
All round the mountains rise.

The bossy wood-crown'd hills of Galilee,
The snowy Hermon, and the peaceful range
Of fruitful Carmel, sprinkled, as of old,
With starry blossoms and with cups of gold,
Speak of the past in echoes sweet and strange,—
Carmel and Galilee!

A ruin'd fortress by the lonely shore
  Shades me beneath its white sea-beaten wall,
Where lizards ever in and out do run,
Opening their eyes of fire unto the sun;
  And pleasant shadows from the palm-trees fall,
    Here by the lonely shore.

The changeful sea! How like this life of ours,
  To-day so dark, so bright, so clear to-morrow,
To-day so troubled, and to-morrow blest
With calm and sunshine, or with sweet unrest,—
  A sweet unrest that does not spring from sorrow,—
    How like this life of ours!

O, may I learn, upon this pleasant shore,
  Lessons of hope, and gratitude, and love,
Read, in that fortress fallen to decay,
How buildings made with hands must pass away,
  Set my affections upon things above,
    And seek a heavenly shore!

THOUGHTS IN A CONSERVATORY.

THE cherish'd flowers spring forth in joyous bands
Crowding for very love,—as if to tell
Of all the beauty of those distant lands
Where thought and fancy ever love to dwell.
Those oleanders, with their glancing leaves,
Once by the flowing streams of Petra grew;
The flower that here its purple garland weaves,
A wild Circassian vale has freely wander'd through.

Here, exiles from Brazilian forests meet,
And round and round the slender columns twine;
And Syrian myrtles and mimosas greet
The sweet syringa and the southern vine.

And soften'd rays of ruby-tinted light
From the Sicilian cactus-flower bell,
Lend a new beauty to the pallid white
Of troops of arums fair, and fairer asphodel.

While on the glittering casement o'er my head
Tendrils and tiny leaves and flow'rets fair
In sweet confusion play, till they have spread
A wild fantastic tracery everywhere.
A living tracery, whose network grey
Breaks up the shafted sun-beams all around,
And swift from every branch and leafy spray
The trembling shadows fall and chequer all the ground.

The scarlet fuschia with its brilliant showers,
And Persian roses with their clusters fair,
With wealth of beauty shade the modest flowers,
Of heliotropes that sweetly scent the air,

Aloes their broad and sturdy leaves unfold,
Their blossoms proudly wakening we see—
Who shall their next awakening behold,
And celebrate with them their year of jubilee?*

The invited morning sun finds welcome sweet
From every bud and blossom, and they rise
With one accord his ardent gaze to meet
With trusting love—as if in Paradise
They'd learnt their orisons—on every one
He sheds the glory of his golden rays,
Yet of his mighty splendour loses none,†
And all the flowers hymn forth their songs of silent praise.

* In allusion to a species of aloe which blossoms only once in fifty years.

† "Qui lumen dat, non lumen amittit."

WILD FLOWERS AT SUNSET.

S the bright red sun went down last night,
With my flowers a vigil I kept,
Their starry blossoms of blue and white
Were lovingly turn'd to the western light,
Till gently they droop'd and slept.

The daisy was first to bid adieu
To the light of the glorious sun;
He had watch'd his journey the whole day through,
His golden eye had been fondly true
To his course, till the day was done.

The shamrock, sacred in days of yore,
Was folding his triple leaf,

The leaf so widely outspread before;
And the violet bent to the mossy floor,
  Like a child subdued with grief.

At rest were the wind-flowers fair and shy,
  And at rest was the cowslip bell,
And darker and darker grew the sky,
Till closely seal'd was the glowing eye
  Of the light-loving pimpernel.

The strawberry blossom bow'd his head,
  And nestled his leaves between,
Or crept away to a mossy bed;
And the wood-sorrel droop'd on its stem so red,
  And folded its trefoil green.

The primroses paler and paler grew,
  The celandine shone no more;
A parting glance the forget-me-not threw,
As it closed the pensive eye of blue,
  That beam'd with love before.

At last the world seem'd all at rest,
The glorious sun was shaded;
Though a cloudy mountain bound the west,
No fire glow'd from his lofty crest,
To mark where his light had faded.

And darkness reign'd, till moonbeams fair
Fell on each sweet wild flower,
And brighten'd the dews that were gathering there,
On the buds and the blossoms and everywhere,
Like the drops of a summer shower.

The large green leaves of the cowslip bright,
And the leaves of the primrose pale,
That had faded and droop'd in the heat and light,
Now rose refresh'd in the shadows of night,
And rejoiced in the cool sweet air.

And many a lesson I learnt at the sight
Of the beauty and trusting love

Of those leaves that smiled through the shadowy
night,
And those flowers that bloom'd in the broad day-
light,
And the sun and moon above.

TO A RIVER.

FLOW on, mysterious symbol of the heart,
In changeful wayward loveliness, flow on,
And while luxuriant meadows thou dost part,
Wooing the modest flowers thy banks upon,—
To thee as to a monitor we'll turn,
And gather wisdom from fair Nature's page,
And gratefully a lesson we will learn,
The while we trace thy pleasant pilgrimage.
Thy pilgrimage from yonder mountain spring,
To the far ocean or the distant sea,
Was a most bold and dangerous wandering
For thee, a streamlet, in thine infancy;
But courage and a beautiful devotion
Leads thee in glorious triumph to the rolling ocean.

Leads thee through gloomy forests wild and rude,
Where thy sweet waters murmur to destroy
The deathlike silence and dim solitude,
And they seem fill'd with happiness and joy
When they behold again the light of day,
And peacefully through pleasant pastures flow,
Thy wavelets sparkling in the sun's bright ray,
Greeting the heavens with music sweet and low.
But suddenly a fearful change we see,
From rock to rock thy trailing weeds are toss'd,
And in a deep abyss thy liberty,
Thy dashing waters, and thy waves are lost!—
Courage!—thy dark imprisonment is o'er,
And thou art rolling on more mighty than before.

SONNET.

NATURE, how fair art thou! and wondrous fair
Are all thy robes of light, investing thee
With lovely pomp and holy mystery.
How I do love thee, Nature! and I dare
To sing thy praise! In earth, and in the air,
In the deep ocean, and the sky, we see
Thy beauty, power, and sublimity.
Thy music can dispel the gloom of care,
Thy perfumed breath fills the impassion'd soul
With nameless joy, and rapt'rous thoughts arise,
Divine imaginings beyond control;
In heartfelt gratitude we raise our eyes,
And watch the living lamps in splendour roll,
A foretaste of eternal Paradise

IDLE WORDS AND WASTED TIME.

TOO many hours are wasted in my bed,
Too many hours to foolish dreams are given,
Too many idle thoughts are in my head,
Too many tears for thoughtless words are shed,
Too many hearts by careless words are riven,
When idle thoughts to careless words are wed.

Oh, wasted time, that never can return!
Oh, fruitless waking dreams which haunt the day!
Driving all deep and earnest thoughts away;
O, foolish tongue! how oft my cheek will burn
For idle words you never can unsay:
Fain would I conquer you and wisdom learn!

How shall I conquer? All in vain I sigh
O'er foolish words which from my lips have sprung.
How shall I conquer? I as well might try
To still a tempest, or to tame a fly,*
As without help Divine to tame this tongue—
Which sins against mankind and the Most High!

O Thou who reignest on the eternal throne!
Who from afar canst all my weakness see,
Thou to whom all my wayward thoughts are known,
Let wayward thoughts make way for thoughts of Thee;
Root out the weeds that in my heart have grown;
I hope for conquest through Thy strength alone.

* "Untameable as flies."—*Decker.*

TIME.

" Tempus per se non est; sed rebus ab ipsis
Consequitur sensus, transactum quod fit in ævo
Tum quæ res instat, quid porro deinde sequatur
Nec per se, quemquam tempus sentire fatendum est
Semotum ab usum, motu, placidaque quiete."

Lucretius.

N vain do we reckon our sojourn here,
In this world of hope, o'ershadow'd by fear,
By the passing month or the fleeting year;
For what is Time but a shadowy thing,
A creature of man's imagining?

Imagined in weakness, for want of power
To act or to think, but from hour to hour,
Or grasp while here an immortal dower.
From thought to thought in this world we live,
And a shape to the shadow Time we give.

And a feverish phantom 'twill ever be
To all who are mortal, and only see
One portion of life and its mystery.
It must be so, for the life we lead
Is a life of succession of thought and deed.

And so we must reckon our sojourn here,
In this world of hope o'ershadow'd by fear,
By the day, and the hour, and fleeting year;
Yet know that Time is a shadowy thing,
A phantom of our imagining.

See "An Essay on the Nature of Time," by Soame Jenyns, 1782.

THE MUSES.

ALAS! the Muses, though divine,
Are deceivers at the best;
And not one of all the nine
But turns sorrow to a jest!
For in melancholy hours
They forsake us,
Or they make us
Tell of joys that are not ours!

But when full of mirth and gladness
Merrily we seek the Muse;
They will make us sing of sadness,
Or will waywardly refuse!

For, in our most joyful hours,
They forsake us,
Or they make us
Tell of pangs that are not ours!

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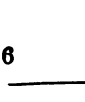

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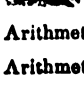

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